ROUND OF THE THE PROPERTY OF T

Vally excess







How To Kill A Trans Person By Ceridwen Troy This article was written on Friday, Feb. 15, 2008.

On Saturday, Sanesha Stewart, a transwoman of color living in the Bronx, was murdered in her own apartment. She was 25 years old. Her accused killer, Steve McMillan, had known her for months, yet when he was arrested, he claimed to have been enraged to find out that she was what the media coverage called not really a woman. He stabbed her over and over again in the chest and throat. She tried to fight him off; there were defensive wounds found on her hands.

On Tuesday, eighth-grader Lawrence King was in a classroom in Oxnard, Calif. He was openly gay, and often came to school in gender-bending clothing, makeup, jewelry and shoes. According to another student, it was freaking the guys out. One of them shot Lawrence in the head. He was declared brain-dead on Wednesday.

It is easy to look at cases like this and think, how tragic. How random. How senseless.

But then, you forget how easy it is to kill a transgender person.

You forget that all across this nation, faith leaders of all stripes, men and women who claim to speak for God Himself, call us sinners, call us abominations, call us evil.

You forget that at best the media depicts us as something to be pitied, something that our families must be strong and overcome. At worst, they depict us as abnormal, exploiting our bodies for ratings, exploiting the public's fear of us for shock value.

You forget that on a good day, law enforcement agents are neglectful of us, and that far more frequently they join in our harassment. You forget the transwomen of color who are rounded up on suspicions of prostitution. You forget the beatings that go uninvestigated. You forget the molestation and rape we face when we are arrested.

You forget the medical establishment that drains our wallets for the therapy and hormones and surgeries they tell us we need. You forget the way we are then refused treatment when we are dying, dying of treatable diseases, dying of easily patched wounds.

You forget that, by the law of the land, it is legal in the majority of states to deny us employment, to deny us service, to deny us housing.

You forget the shelters and the rape crisis centers that will not allow us through their doors.

You forget that many of us do not even have family to turn to when we are at our most desperate.

You forget that the leaders of our own community have told us that it is not time for us to have rights, that it is not pragmatic for us to be considered worthy of the same respect as other human beings.

You forget that in our own circles, it is considered a negative thing to be too flamboyant. You forget the way our pride parades have been derided by our own community. You forget the scorn heaped upon drag queens by other gay men. You forget the fear to be seen in public with a friend who is considered too open, too queer.

You forget the way it seeps into the minds of transgender people, too. You forget the way a transsexual will shout that she is not a crossdresser, as if there were something wrong with that. You forget the catty names we call each other if we don't pass"

You forget how many of us take our own lives every year.

You forget because the noise is always there, a constant drone in the background. Every newspaper piece that calls a transwoman he instead of she. Every talk show host who spends an hour talking about our genitals. Every childish taunt about looking like a tranny. Every transperson who talks about themselves as true transsexuals. Every activist and politician who tells us now is not the time.

You forget too, how easy it is to kill a person of color, with myths about gangetas and lies about immigrants. You forget how easy it is to kill a person living in poverty, cutting off her welfare because she is suuposedly being paid to breed. You forget how easy it is to kill a sex worker, with sex-shaming language, slinging about slurs like hooker and whore.

You forget the message hidden inside every single one of those statements.

You are less than I am. You are not worthy of the rights and respect that I am worthy of.

You are not human.

It is very easy to kill something that you do not see as human.

It is very easy to kill a transperson.

This got sent around the internet a lot back right after Larry King got murdered. I think it's really fucking important to keep the dialogue going, to combat prejudice in our communities, to be there for our friends, and NEVER forget or stop fighting.

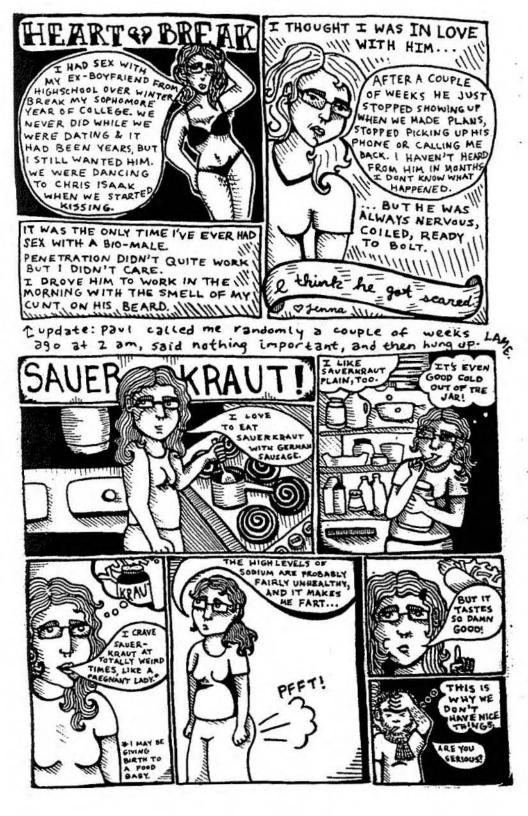
FOR DC AREA FOLKS => www.dctranscoalition.org

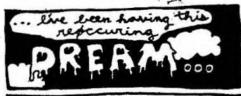


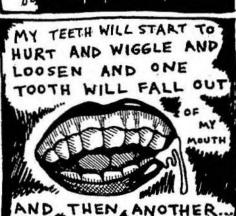
This issue of Sassyfrass is mostly random drawings I've made in recent history. My brain isn't quite working in words right how, so L figured better random pictures than no sassyfrass at all. - J.

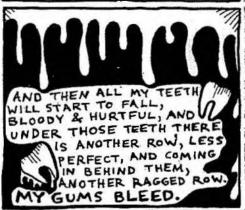


I drew this after my B.F. +> BF texted me one day with the message "i just want to be a real boy already." that's terribly paraphrased because i'm in Frederick, Maryland, having just gone to court for negligent driving from when i totaled my car on the way home from visiting Mr. BF, Woodland & Wasabi in WV. No cell thones in the court house folks. Anyway, L' drew puppet the court house folks. Anyway, L' drew puppet reference, because boy as a fetty Bi chink BF and ( and Sassyfrass freaks all the other sometimes. Trapped, feel (ike this >) something and feeling etc. etc. For the wanting to be (ike we're not ! 100% USDA record, BFlis) bby + an organic real THERE I miss BF SO MUCH. haven't seen him s since I went up him & GF to in DC for BF's first appt. regarding-1991 Which he now . has gotteni & permission to But I'm take, score. than halfway already more and he cant' to his place get off work staring hatefully at blonde girls in a cafe by the Frederick courthouse, out of 100.50 in fines plus the cost of parking and coffee. L want to finish this issue today so ( can make copies on the way home. Than today won't suck quite as hard.











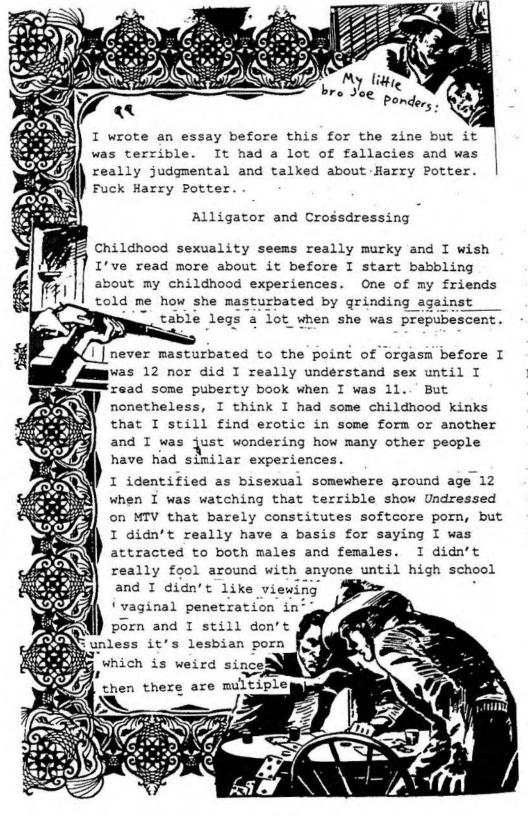
One of the coolest things that I did this summer was road trip to Georgia w/ Lil bro' Joe Parker to attend MONDOHOMO: dirty south, Atlanta's alternaqueer fest. we ended up camping out in one of the organizer's backyards (shout out to Andi & Lady Jane, and to Scream Club for hooking us up w/ them!) hanging out with tons of awesome friends, new & old, developed lots of crushes (Joe got some lip action while L stared creepily at a gal who reminded me eerily of my favorite professor), and heard lots of INCREDIBLE music. As usual, Athens Boys Choir was my fav. but then, who can resist Katz when he puts on his short-shorts? Hopefully we'll be back next year to recontect ) and maybe stay down South for Idapaloozal Apyone want to come with? p.s. MAJOR thanks to Kiki

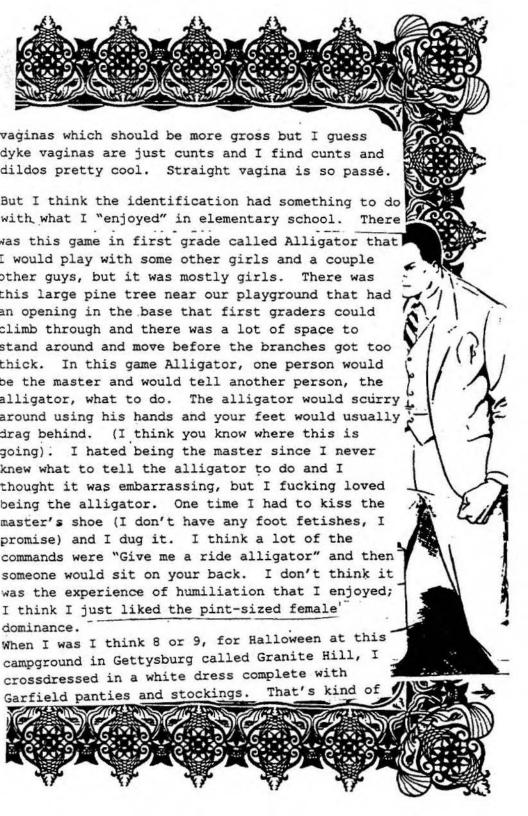
for helping out w/ our

Little issue @ Lenny's.



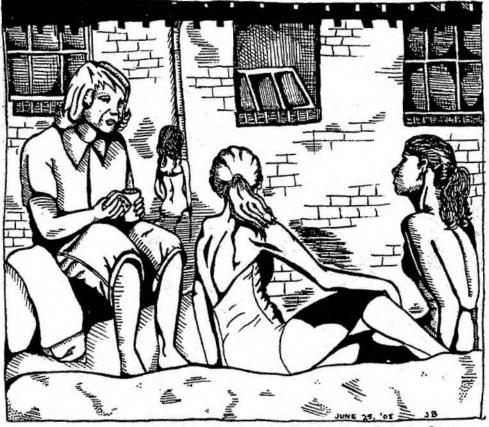






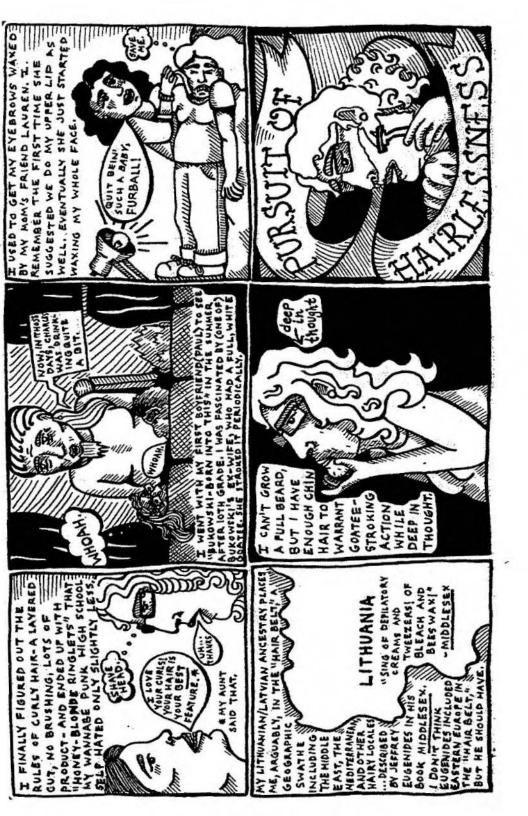
embarrassing to admit, but the embarrassing part was I forgot the wig at home. I hated wearing the costume without the wig since I didn't have the complete gestalt down. If you're going to do drag when you're 8, you better do it right. I felt really awkward in the dress but I did enjoy other people's reactions. None of my experiences with crossdressing ever made me feel comfortable like I wanted to wear the clothes more often. It was always pleasurable in a way I can't explain now since the erotic nature has changed. I was also one of those kids who had crushes on a different girl every year in elementary school. Actually, had the same one from 3rd-5th grade. When puberty started and I started identifying as "bisexual," didn't have crushes on girls anymore. I didn't have crushes on anybody. I found so many people attractive, mostly males, and lusted after people, but I never wanted love and all that. That's still pretty much true and that leads me meanderingly to my question: Now that I identify as a queer male and have started conceptualizing gender and sexuality (differently, I've remembered those strange gendered experiences I had as a child. I wonder how much of those memories I'm recreating and filling in and how much actual gender deviance happened. And did I forget about those , experiences for a long time because I was looking at sexuality as only hetero, homo, and bi? forgot about my own pleasurable and enjoyable experiences because they didn't fit that marrow paradigm or am I just randomly remembering parts of my childhood that I forgot for a while? think people forget a lot about their own

enjoyable past when they plop themselves in a fixed sexual and gender identity. I did for a while and now I'm wondering what else happened that made my childhood queer to some extent. I wonder what other kinks I enjoyed when I was 6...



t copied from a photo found at the Fells Point flea market. I was attracted to the classic pose of the center figure & the androgeny of the figure on the left. I'm trying to improve my drawing skillz. - f.











the only two panels i ended up liking from a strip that i started to counter the "skinny jeans, fat ass" strip. self-deprecation is way easier than finding a whole page-worth of positive things to say without being cheesy. the first panel pretty much sums it up!

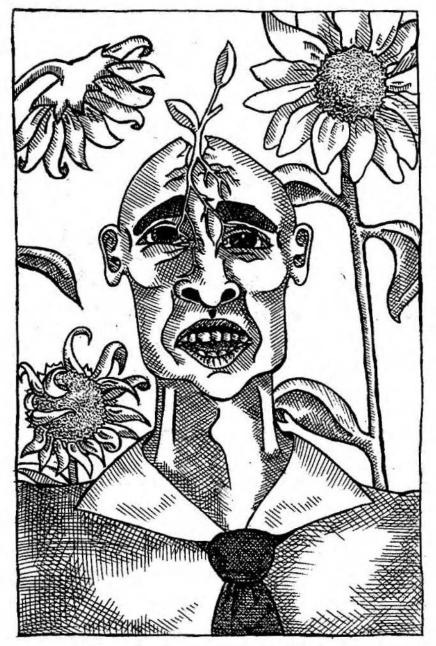
from the National Con. on Organized Resistance Con a American U. (D.C.) in February, hook you up with SWEET housing.











## SUBMIT SUBMIT

Sassyfrass Circus wants you!

Send all your cool shit to:

jenns. brager@gmail.com

